

## IF TEDDY WERE PRESIDENT.

## The World.

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Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THIS BOY'S DOWNFALL?

Eleven years ago the Elizabethport Banking Company hired as messenger a fifteen-year-old boy, quiet, well-mannered, unusually bright for his age, apparently and probably of good moral character, so far as his character was developed.

This boy found himself in an institution so carelessly conducted that the only protection for the cash drawer from pilfering fingers whenever the teller happened to be turned was the good character and good sense of the various employees behind the railings.

Day after day, year after year, this boy had this fact thrust upon him hourly. A thousand times he must have stood looking at those unguarded heaps of gold and silver and notes and thinking how easy it would be to help himself now that the teller's back was turned and the other employees were bending each over his own work.

As a reward for faithful service and intelligence this boy, just shooting up into young manhood, was made a clerk and got the opportunity to study the bank's bookkeeping system.

He found that the careless management extended to the bookkeeping; that it was possible for any clerk in the bank to juggle the figures and completely conceal from the officers the true amount of the cash balance.

To the former temptation was now added a second. Day after day for several years this boy was hourly face to face with the fact that he could rifle the cash compartment and conceal his dishonesty by making a few simple changes in the figures on the books to which he had access.

Four years ago, after thousands of hours, tens of thousands of minutes of this temptation flaunting itself in his face, testing his imagination, he stole \$400.

The theft was discovered. There was an investigation. The youth was suspected and knew it. His record was looked up. He was "vindicating."

He now found that he was working for an institution that was not only utterly careless, but also wholly blind. The last remnant of moral stamina had long since left the young man. Fear now vanished also. The books and the cash said to him:

"Steal. Help yourself. Take all you want. Gamble. Speculate. You will win out in the end and can replace all you have stolen long before these sleepers awake."

And how he obeyed! First small sums, then larger, then thousands, then tens of thousands. In the few last months of his career he branched out in every direction. Stealing led to gambling; gambling led to plunging; plunging led to a wild thrashing about in a sea of dissipation. The youth with an income of \$780 a year was living at the rate of \$75,000 a year.

Think of it! \$780 a year! The directors of a great financial institution placing that institution wholly at the mercy of a clerk, a boy of twenty odd years, getting only \$15 a week! What ruined William Schrieber?

Not wine and women; not gambling and plunging on the races; not extravagant tastes. Was it not that mighty temptation dangled before his eyes from boyhood by the directors of the Elizabethport Banking Company? But for them might not that bright boy whom they employed eleven years ago be a rising young man to-day with a good character and a growing reputation instead of being an outcast, ruined for life and fit only for the penitentiary?

It is silly to talk about heredity in such a case; it is more commonplace twaddle to talk about his wickedness. True, he must have been weak and is bad, a disgrace and a degenerate. But who made him so?—that is the main point.

"Enter not into temptation." That is sound in sense as well as in morals. But it is half a truth of which the other half is this command from the same Bible:

"That no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."

Of course it is a crime to yield. But equally of course it is a crime to tempt—to tease the weak or the sorely tried by thrusting at them opportunities to fall that tug at them in their moments of greatest weakness.

How many bankers, merchants, business men generally are there to-day who are tempting the young men in their employ where they ought to be helping them to be honest, to form sound character? How many men are underpaying their responsible employees, thereby tempting them to destruction from their least guarded side—the wants, perhaps the needs of their families?

Trust where you must and then make it worth the trusted man's while to be trustworthy by removing from him every obvious temptation. Where you need not or ought not to trust, remember that to trust is a crime.

There is a great moral for employees in the downfall of William Schrieber. But there is a moral for employers also—a moral that is more in danger of being overlooked.

**A BUNCH OF DON'TS.**  
DON'T take the world too literally. It is a good old world, but it is rather given to white lies. Don't confuse fault-finding with criticism. One has its root in dislike or capriciousness, the other in kindness. Don't miss the opera because you have no fine plumage, or a seat among the mighty. The gallery is in some respects more Olympian anyhow. Don't be ashamed of your mother. She may be illiterate and dull, but she gave you a chance to become what you are.

**A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.**  
It is hard to look pleasant in too tight shoes. We are determined; other people are obstinate. The best way to keep an umbrella is never to lend it. The smart girl is apt to say things that make other people smart. It is a wise woman who keeps her husband's faults and failings to herself. What kind of a husband do you suppose a man would make who wears a gold watch?

**LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.**  
The Editor of The Evening World:  
I am sixty years old. I notice that the atmospheric conditions of the earth have changed vastly even during my memory. For instance, we always had a three days' equinoctial storm in the old days in September. We never have now. Winter, even twenty years ago, was a time of cold and fall of snow as they now are. In a dozen other ways conditions are changed. Now, what does all this portend? Is the world coming to an end, or what? I'd like to hear from some geologist or other student.

**A Queer Love Story.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I am nineteen and very wilful. I often teased and slighted the gentleman I am engaged to. But last Monday I went too far along this line, and he boxed my ears sharply. I was taken aback at receiving a blow from a man. But the strangest part of it is I love him about ten times as much since then, and respect him as I never did before. I wonder that I do not hate him. But I don't. Who can explain this odd freak of my affection? MARY C. E.

**We Do Approve.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Would you kindly say if you approve of the walking skirts for street wear by young women in business? I like them, and they are much worn, but I have a friend, a girl, who criticizes them and says it is a mistake to wear short skirts except for the wheel or golf. ALICE M. H.

## A REFORM HINT FOR THE JURY ROOM.



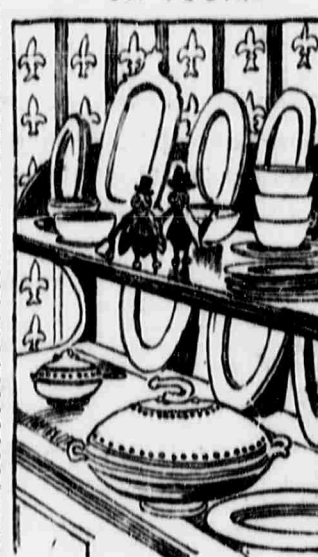
The Chicago News artist suggests this scheme to give the twelve good men and true a little wholesome relaxation.

## HIS HOPE.



Postal Clerk (to young author mailing a bundle of manuscript)—Printed matter? Author—Not yet, but I hope it will be.

## ON TOUR.



Mrs. Fly—This, Willie, is Chinatown. NO END TO IT. Amateur Sportsman—Is this a good place to hunt for readers? Native—You bet! You could hunt here straight ahead for a week. Amateur Sportsman—You don't mean it, really? Native—Yes, 'cause you'd never find any.

## THE NEW OLD MAN.

The man with the hoe  
Has had his show.  
Another man now we find  
Of the campaign born.  
He comes, forlorn—  
The man with an axe to grind.

## DOMESTIC TROUBLES.



He—What's that, my dear? She—Oh, the gold fish and the silver fish are having another of their political discussions.

## EVERYDAY FRUIT LORE.

## Fortune-Telling Apples.

ROM the ancient Greeks the custom was held in great esteem. They had a superstition that it could keep away all evil influences from their dwellings. The Chinese attach a similar value to the peach. Immunity from misfortune can be secured by placing apples from the peach tree at their doorways. There are numerous superstitions connected with the apple. It is an ominous sign if an apple tree bursts into blossom after the fruit is ripe. According to an old saying:

A blossom upon the apple tree when apples are ripe is a sure indication of somebody's life.

The apple is much used as a lover's test. Roman lovers used to take an apple pip between their finger and thumb and shoot it up to the ceiling. If the pip reached its destination it was regarded as a sign that their love was returned. Another method, once much used, was to throw the pip into the fire, uttering the "beloved one's" name. If the pip burst with a loud report it was a good sign, but the love would not last long if the pip burst silently.

Swiss maidens often use the following custom: They buy an apple from an aged widow—the uglier she is the better—and eat half of it with a salted butter. The other half of the apple they place beneath their pillow, and then prophetic dreams are sure to follow.

Scotch lairds try another method which will act only upon All Hallow's Eve. They go into a dimly lighted room and slowly eat an apple before a mirror. If they are to be married they are sure to discern the face of their future husband looking over their shoulder.

The months that will elapse before the marriage can be judged by hanging another apple in a doorway about five feet seven inches from the ground. One by one the assembled company must pass under the apple, and the number that pass beneath it without touching will give the number of months.

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## THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

## One Woman's Way.

PHILIP STURGES was thirty and a confirmed bachelor. At least, so his friends said.

They would have laughed had they known that under that cold, calm exterior Philip's heart was burning with love for a dainty little maid with eyes like the Summer sky and hair like spun gold, and that when he approached this dainty little maid with a blushing schoolgirl's face, but such remained the fact.

And the little goddess who reigned supreme in his thoughts was pretty Leslie Stuart. He had known her when she wore short frocks and climbed trees. Then came an absence of five years spent at college and in travelling in far-off countries.

He remembered her as he had first seen her after her return. It was at her "coming-out" party. The rooms were crowded, and at one end beside her mother, resplendent in black velvet and diamonds, stood Leslie Stuart, looking very sweet and simple, clad in her snowy frock and surrounded by banks and banks of flowers.

One evening he was going to call on her father in relation to a political question, but before he went into the house he took a short detour through the grounds to solve the problem which he had met.

He went on until he reached the nodding roses by the cool little Summer house. Then he started to hear his name spoken and realized with horror that Leslie Stuart and her cousin Frances were sitting upon the steps not five feet away. The roses screened him from their view and that was his only means of escape. He gave a little apologetic cough, but the girls did not hear him and continued:

"I wish I knew what had changed Philip," said Leslie. "He used to be just like a brother to me, and now"—she sighed, "I used to think he liked me," she added, a little lower.

"I know he likes you, Leslie, and I think it is more than liking," replied Leslie. "No, Frances, you are wrong. There was a time when I loved so, but it was a vain hope. He looks upon me as a little, silly butterfly of fashion and listens to what I tell him about my dances and parties only with suffering. There followed a silence, during which Philip knew he ought to speak, yet he longed to hear more. "Frances, I shall be an old maid."

"You'll be nothing of the kind, dear," said that knowing little soul. "Why don't you accept Terry Hawthorn?" "I hate him!" with force.

"You don't hate Philip Sturges, do you, Leslie?" "Ah, Philip!"—The listener felt strange little run through him at the careless tone in which the name was spoken. "No, I could never hate Philip. Frances, if I tell you something will you promise never, never to tell anybody until I am dead?"

"Cross my heart, Oh, Leslie, what is it?" asked Frances in an awed tone. "I must tell somebody. I have told it to myself so long that it is ancient history. But I love Philip Sturges. Yes, I do, I do, and he doesn't like me at all," and she laid her head upon the step and burst into tears.

Suddenly, like a whirlwind, Philip came from the arbor and lifting the sobbing girl held her close to him, while she whispered something which must have been undeniably sweet for Leslie raised her face, now "loves own hue," and answered softly, "Yes."

And while Frances slipped unobserved away, she asked herself, "Could Leslie have known he was in there?"

**LETTERS AND THE BABE.**  
The Alphabet Made Easy.  
THE mother of a dear little boy taught him his A B C's in a very agreeable and effective manner. She first bought a box of blocks of all shapes and sizes, then, selecting 26 small cubes, she painted on each a letter. These she put into a box by themselves.

Calling her little son to her, she showed him the cubes and told him that they were a family, called the Alphabet family. They were Mother A and twenty-five children, and a father who had gone out to Africa to fight for the Queen, and who would not be back for a long time. The child entered heartily into this game of "pretend," and on the first day learned with ease the name of the mother and three children. Afterward he learned two more names a day, till the number was complete.

As each new member of the family was brought forward his mother built him a house of the other blocks, and made the ground plan of it just in his own shape, and then, with a pencil, drew his likeness on paper.

## STARTED M'KINLEY.

MICHAEL BITZER.  
This man is distinguished as President McKinley's first political sponsor. He lives in New Berlin, O., and in the very building where he introduced Mr. McKinley, then a young lawyer, to his first audience. The President often visits him when in Canton.

**SOURCES OF BEAUTY.**  
It is said that the uplifted softened eyes of the Italian women are born of the mind's attitude for generations toward the Madonna. It takes generations to establish a type, but any one can change the general lines of her own face to a higher beauty by the influence of intellectual study, and by the recognition of love.

The former gives an expansion of brow, and a frank, independent look to the eyes, which speak of ambition and power for good. The latter is one of the greatest incentives to the growth of beauty. A plain face will blossom into flower-like grace when visited by love, and this quality of beauty is the quality of business—Success.

**Counterfeits for the Dead.**  
A curious industry in some of the provinces in China is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. The pieces are only half the size of the real coins, but the dead are supposed to not to know the difference. The dummy coins are made out of tin, hammered out the thickness of paper, and stamped out in the size required.

**Learn Peace from Japan.**  
MR. HUGH FRASER, the traveller, says that in Japan the absence of strain and hurry, the non-existence of "society," as we understand it, and the paramount importance of family ties and family duties, make life simple, calm, patriarchal.

"The absence of snobbishness and kindred vices in Japan impresses itself very clearly upon one," says Mrs. Fraser. "There are two characteristics of the Japanese which stand out boldly. Home life is paramount, and the possession of money is but lightly regarded. Any one who would pretend to be richer than he is would be calmly avoided as a fool. Money is not spoken of, the absence of it not apologized for."

"A person living in a poor way gives a guest all he has to offer, and is not humiliated at having to show his poverty. The rich man does not overwhelm you with his riches; he shows you one beautiful object from his collection at a time in an empty room, only beautiful through its perfect proportions, coloring and cleanliness."

"These people travel through life so lightly weighted, their requirements are so few in the material order, that they seem as independent as the swallows, and fly where we, weighed down by the commissariat for our artificial wants, can only creep."

**LIFE'S GAME.**  
If joy and grief were parcelled out  
For distribution free,  
And you had choice between the two,  
What would your choosing be?  
Happiness forever!  
Let sorrow beging go!  
Oh, who would wed with weeping dread  
That may sweet laughter know?  
Let's play that such the custom is,  
And choose between the two;  
You'll be surprised to learn how much  
Of choosing rests with you.  
Happiness forever!  
Pale sorrow's claim disown!  
And comrades gay will go your way  
If you choose them alone!

**QUERIES AND ANSWERS.**  
A Is Right.  
A SAYS that America can become President if elected; B says that he cannot; C says that he cannot become President without breaking his religion. Which is right? A. B. C.

No.  
Was Mr. McIntyre prosecutor in the Molloy case?  
ALBIN OBERG, Baltimore, Conn.

Yes; a straight flush.  
Is any poker hand better than four aces?  
G. H.

McIntyre—20,735.  
Did New York City in 1886 give a plurality for Bryan or for McKinley?  
S. B. S. and T. H.

Danrosch's People's Chorus.  
Where can a young woman receive vocal instruction free?  
M. H.

Twice—San Francisco, Coney Island.  
How many times did Robert Fitzsimmons fight Tom Sharkey and where?  
P. D. S. I.

At Cooper Union.  
Please inform me where Mr. Danrosch's People's Chorus meets.  
CATHARINE G. Elizabeth, N. J.

Yes, frequently.  
Please tell me if Yale and Princeton football elevens ever played in New York City.  
E. G.

## WITH THE SEASON'S FRUIT.

**Stewed Pears.** Wipe the pears free from dust and leave the stems on. Pierce each one with a fork several times, place them, stem ends up, in an enameled saucepan, cover them to half their depth with cold water. To a dozen pears add a good-sized lemon, sliced, and a few slices of ginger root or a teaspoonful of ground ginger and three cloves. Cover the saucepan closely, and if the pears are hard let them simmer one hour. If they are soft and nearly ripe they do not need so much cooking. At the end of an hour lift the cover and add enough sugar to make the pears quite sweet. Then cover the saucepan again and let them simmer another hour. Remove them from the stove, and when cool put them in a glass fruit dish. They are delicious served with whipped cream.

**Banana Salad.** Cut four bananas lengthwise. Into each half crosswise. Put these pieces in a glass dish. Sprinkle over a very little grated rind of lemon and the juice of one-half lemon. Then sprinkle over one-half cupful of granulated sugar, a glass of claret, or the juice from two oranges; place on ice an hour before serving.

**Grape Pudding.** Delaware grapes are the best for the purpose. Wash, pick and cover with flour before putting into the basket.

**Baked Quinces.** Bake with the skins on and with a little water in the bottom of the dish. When tender and cool enough to handle, remove the skins, put in a glass dish, sprinkle with fine granulated sugar about a cupful to six quinces. After standing an hour examine to see that the sugar has melted evenly. These will be found delicious and economical, and the trouble of removing tough peel obviated.

**Grape Fruit Sherbet.** To make fruit sherbet cut a grape fruit in halves and with a spoon remove the juice and pulp, leaving the rinds whole. Press the juice through a fine strainer, sweeten it to taste, and put in a freezer. After it is frozen place it in the rinds, which may be scalloped on the edges. Serve the sherbet in the rinds, then drop it out into little cups at the table, as one half rind even is too large to serve to one person.

**Whitening Clothes.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
Please reprint your recipe for whitening clothes.  
Mrs. G. A. P.

**To Make Blacking.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
Will you kindly tell me how to make blacking for shoes?  
S. P.

**Liquid shoe blacking.**—Ivory black in fine powder, one pound; molasses, three-quarters of a pound; sweet oil, two ounces; beer and vinegar, of each one pint. Rub together the first three until the oil is perfectly killed, then add the beer and vinegar.

**Paste shoe blacking.**—Molasses, one pound; ivory black, one and a half pounds; sweet oil, two ounces. Rub together and add a little lemon juice or strong vinegar.

**Salted Spots—Lemon Syrup.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
Please tell me how to remove a salted stain from an all-wool Ingrain rug. Also a recipe for making lemon syrup to be used for making lemonade.  
Mrs. C. E. PERRING.

**REMOVING Grease Spots.**—One quart of boiling water, one ounce pulverized borax and half ounce of gun camphor. Shake up well and beat the spots with a brush. The grease will be removed.

**Lemon Syrup—Grease off the yellow rinds of lemons and beat it up with sufficient quantity of granulated sugar. Express the lemon juice, add one pint of water to each pint of juice, and three and a half pounds of granulated sugar, including that rubbed up with the rind, warm until the sugar is dissolved, and strain.**

**To Clean White Fur.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
How can I clean a baby's white fur carriage robe at home? Mrs. M. A.

**THE rug can be effectively cleaned by the use of either gasoline or naphtha, but great care must be taken to keep away from fire, as these gases are easily ignited.**